

Punk Tree

Seven slender
Limber
Poles
Stuck knee
Deep
In brown ground
Cover smother
With white
Paper
Pasted-on
Bark
Forth and
Back
Swaying in the
Blue
Wind.
Tree and wind
Slicing through
One
Another
Becoming
Blue-white.

Toad

The toad
Sits on a
Mossy brown
Stone,
Being just
Like that
Stone.
His eyes
Like two
Drops of
Black water
Moving only
Because of
Evaporation.
He is
The gargyle
Of the woods,
Cold and dark.

Then suddenly
A leitmotif in pink.

-- Don Gray

Tampa, Florida